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## Winter.

JOHN F. FENNESSEY, '99.

"AS winter come?" The falling snow  
Gives answer o'er the world below.  
No longer red the leaflets flare;  
The maple lifts its branches bare,  
A refuge for a storm-blown crow.

A time will come when all must know  
That the string of life must snap on the bow;  
Then let him ask, if he may dare,  
"Has winter come?"

I hope that when my steps are slow,  
And the winds of eighty round me blow,  
And time's white rime is on my hair,—  
I hope that then I may not care,  
As round me murmur voices low,  
"Has winter come?"

## The Truth about Galileo.\*

BY THE REV. J. B. SCHEIER, C. S. C.

**I**N the whole range of human knowledge there is perhaps no question that has been more persistently studied with the hope of antagonizing the Church than the condemnation of the Copernican system as advocated by Galileo and the Infallibility of the Pope. The acts of Galileo's process have become known through Henry de l'Epinois who copied them in the library of the Vatican and published part of them in the *Review of Historical Questions*, July, 1, 1867. In May, 1877, he published the full proceedings of the famous trial. Two months later, Charles Von Gebler copied the same manuscript at the Vatican and published the result of his labors

in Stuttgart. The text of these two publications is, with some slight verbal variations, indetical. Mr. de l'Epinois is a Catholic, Mr. Von Gebler is not. Hence there can not be the least doubt that we have the exact words of the process; and the lovers of history must rejoice that Rome has thus given to the world an additional proof of her love for truth. Great was the excitement created by these two publications, and great is the number of books, pamphlets and articles that have been written since on the question; but the quarrel about Galileo is far from being at an end. The fables of his incarceration and tortures give pabulum for objections that have been refuted time and again; whilst the horrors of the Inquisition, the supposed cruel deeds of Rome, and her alleged opposition to science, are repeated with nauseating effect.

Galileo, the greatest of Italian naturalists, was born at Pisa, February 18, 1564. His father was Vincent de Michelangelo Galilei, a Florentine nobleman, possessed of an extraordinary knowledge of mathematics and music. His mother was Julia of the family Amanati from Pescia. Galileo received his first lessons in Pisa where he remained until 1574, when the whole family moved to Florence.

Young Galileo had a keen intellect and was a good student. His progress in science and virtue was especially marked, and this determined the father to allow his first-born to pursue higher studies, although his children were numerous and his means limited. Galileo made a solid and broad preparatory classical course, and entered the University of Pisa, (September 5, 1581) as a student of medicine. Contrary to the wishes of his father, Galileo devoted most of his time to mathematics, and in 1589 he was appointed professor of mathematics in the university of his native town. He at once rejected the book of Aristotle and studied the book of nature. Galileo's was a

\* Lecture delivered before the Columbian Catholic Summer School last year.

revolutionary mind in the eyes of the philosophers and naturalists of his day. For that reason he soon left Pisa, but failed to receive a professorship either at Bologna or at Venice. He had more success, however, at Padua, where in 1592 he was appointed professor of mathematics. In a letter to Mazzoni, at that time in Rome, Galileo declared himself (1597) in favor of the system of the Pythagoreans and of Copernicus as more probable than that of Aristotle. At the same time he wrote to Kepler that he had been an ardent adherent to the new system for a number of years.

The discovery of a new star in 1604 offered the occasion to attack the Aristotelian principle of the immutability of the heavens. The telescope opened a new world for investigation to consolidate the new theories. The most brilliant discoveries were the result of Galileo's labors with this new instrument. Beyond description is the impression made on the world of learned men when they heard of the mountains and valleys in the moon, of the four satellites of Jupiter, of the number of stars in the Pleiads advanced from seven to forty, of the abnormal form of Saturn and the phases of Venus. Some would not believe what they saw through the glass, others were full of admiration. Kepler himself had his doubts; but the reading of the new book "Nuntius Sidereus" convinced him, and in a letter dated October 25, 1610, Kepler writes: *Neminem habes quem metuas æmulum*,—"You have no rival to fear." Thus the immutability of the heavens had received a death-blow; the doctrine of the peripatetic school was trampled under foot, and the followers of the old school swore vengeance against Galileo. The new theory made steady and rapid progress. The old *a priori* definitions and laws had to yield before undeniable facts. The analogy between the earth and the satellites of Jupiter made Galileo proclaim the fact which was pronounced before him by Cardinal Nicholas de Cusa, "It is evident that the earth moves." Copernicus had already dedicated to Pope Paul III. a dissertation entitled *Quod cælum stet et terra moveatur*,—"The heavens stand still; it is the earth that moves." Galileo was accused in Rome.

The two propositions placed before the Consultors of the Sacred Office for deliberation on February 19, 1616, were as follows: (1) "The sun is the central point of the universe, and consequently has no motion." (2) "The earth is not the centre of the universe, is not immovable, but moves about itself in daily rotation."

Both propositions were condemned by the Consultors, and on Feb. 25, Galileo was advised not to teach that doctrine any more. Galileo, in presence of Cardinal Bellarmine, promised to abide by the decision. He seemed satisfied with the result, because the decision declared only that the opinion of Copernicus was not in accordance with holy Scripture, and condemned only those books which taught *ex professo* that the opinion was not contradictory to holy Scripture. Some false reports were spread at the time by the enemies of Galileo that he was punished, and that his doctrine was repudiated by the Church. Galileo besought his friends in Rome to make the facts known, and Cardinal Bellarmine wrote, May 26, 1616, that Galileo need not retract anything, that no punishment was inflicted upon him, and that the Congregation pronounced the opinions of Copernicus contrary to holy Scripture and not to be defended.

In the meantime Cardinal Barberini had been elected Pope. Counting on the friendship of the new Pontiff, Galileo made an unsuccessful attempt to have the unfavorable decree of the Index annulled. The decree, however, was not removed; but the Pope gave Galileo great encouragement, saying that the *Church* had not condemned the opinion. Galileo returned to his studies, and in 1630, his "Dialogue," a labor of thirty years, was ready for publication. He applied to Rome for permission to print the book. The limits of treating the questions as mere hypotheses were frequently transgressed, and the work was subjected to correction. The book was finally printed in its uncorrected form, and Galileo's friends were jubilant. *Non est factum tale opus in universa terra*—"Such another work does not exist in the whole world." But the book when printed did not contain the doctrine for which the *Imprimatur* was obtained—the book treated of faith, of religion, of holy Scripture, when there should have been question only of mathematics; and, juridically speaking, an investigation had become necessary.

Great deference was shown Galileo, although he had evidently transgressed the positive orders received. A special committee was appointed to examine the book, and Galileo was found guilty of having transgressed the limits set for him. Sickness delayed Galileo, and he did not reach Rome until February 13, 1633. His plan was to get out of the trouble as easily as possible; hence he made some contradictory statements. This was far from

honorable. However, it must not be forgotten that the man broken down by age and infirmity had an earnest desire to remain a faithful child of the Church; and in his own interior there was a terrible contest to maintain both the scientific stand he had taken and also his faith. Nothing was more evident to him than his scientific views; and in his heart he believed that his faith did not run counter to these views. Galileo appeared before the Sacred Office, April 12. He remained in the palace where he had a suite of three rooms and enjoyed the daily visits of his friend, the Ambassador Niccolini. This is a part of the supposed imprisonment of Galileo.

Galileo's friends were active, and tried every means to prevent the condemnation of his doctrine. In a private interview with Father Vincent Macolano, Galileo acknowledged that he had not acted as he should, and demanded time to formulate this avowal before the Sacred Office. He made this declaration, April 30, and pleaded in excuse that fourteen or sixteen years, together with his infirmities and old age (70 years), had made him forget the injunction of 1616 not to teach in any manner—*quovis modo*—the motion of the earth. Galileo rejected the Copernican system, June 21, and stated that he was there to show obedience to the Church. The decree was at once signed, and Galileo returned to his rooms. That Galileo was tortured before he would make this declaration is a fable.

The next day, June 22, the sentence was pronounced, and a copy of it was sent to all the universities. Galileo submitted to everything, and renounced all error in general and in particular. He did not utter the famous words, "and yet it moves"—that is an invention of the eighteenth century. All these fables are malicious lies, and the best proof of this is found in Galileo's writings. He never mentions or even alludes to any ill-treatment of any kind whatsoever, although he complains bitterly of the wrong done him through the condemnation.

It is certainly regrettable that Galileo's scientific views, though immature, controvertible opinions, or even conjectures, were condemned. The judges have at least the excuse that they were themselves laboring under an erroneous philosophical opinion, and Galileo had the misfortune to live at a time when all innovations had a more or less dangerous appearance. There is however a class of writers who delight in telling the same fables again and again; but

such are writing for the sake of sensationalism, not for the sake of truth. The spreading of Galileo's scientific views was certainly more or less retarded by the condemnation. But the astronomers kept on busily at work. The new science was perfected; all doubts as to its correctness have long since disappeared. What was but a theory has developed into a solidly established scientific truth. The decree of the Index has also disappeared, but the quarrel about Galileo is still afoot. The ill-disposed critic and the too eager *bona fide* defender have missed the fact that has any historic value. The acts of the process have been published in full, and the monstrous stories of Galileo's tortures ought to be relegated among the myths of the past, for they never had any historic existence. Let us now turn our attention to the

#### THEOLOGICAL SIDE OF THE QUESTION.

The Cardinals who compose the Congregation of the Index are in reality an ecclesiastical tribunal with authority to decide questions proposed to them. They declare whether a proposition is in contradiction or in harmony with Catholic doctrine. Therefore, it was their duty to examine Galileo's book, which was reported to contain propositions contrary to the text of holy Scripture, and also explanations of holy Scripture contrary to the opinions and teachings of the Fathers of the Church. Since it was a question of exegesis, the tribunal was competent to give a decision. For the Church undoubtedly is the proper authority to decide and to define in questions of faith and morals.

The Scriptures speak frequently of the motion of the sun. According to the canons of interpretation, these passages were to be taken literally if no absurdity followed. That was the viewpoint of the Inquisition and the Index. They asked for a proof of the contrary, a proof incontrovertible; but that proof was not given, and could not be given, because Galileo had no such proof. "If some day that demonstration of the heliocentric theory be given, then the Church shall not hesitate an instant to explain the text in a figurative manner." That is precise language, sufficiently strong and clear. No cavilling, no quibbling here. Since Galileo insisted on a decision, a decision was given according to the scientific system which was then prevalent, which had the greatest number of scientific men as adherents, and which had been the system of several hundred years' standing. Science was

thus pitted against science, system against system; the peripatetic school against the student of observations.

Had the Church pronounced it as a dogma that the sun moves and that the earth stands still, then there would be a direct cause for complaint. Then, too, Galileo would have been completely silenced; he would not have been permitted to teach his system, not even as a hypothesis. The mistake of the Congregation does not in the least affect the infallibility of the Church. The Church explains the Scriptures only with regard to faith and morals. The Church is not founded on the Scriptures nor by the Scriptures. Christ had established His Church before any portion of the New Testament had been written. The certitude which the Church has concerning the truth of her teaching is immediate; for the dogmas of the Church have been indelibly engraved in her heart by Christ Himself through the power of the Divine Spirit. The Church would be in the strongest contradiction with herself if she had to get her dogmas through scientific investigations. The Church would be supposed to exist and at the same time search for her existence. But why does the Council of Trent (Sess. iv.) forbid any explanation of the Scriptures contrary to the unanimous consent of the Fathers? ("Ut nemo, suæ prudentiæ innixus, in rebus fidei et morum, contra eum quem tenuit et tenet Sancta Mater Ecclesia, aut etiam contra unanimem consensum Patrum, ipsam Sacram Scripturam interpretari audeat.") Simply because the Fathers have recorded what the belief of the Church was in their day; not because they have made any dogmas. There is a vast difference between witnessing, as a mere historian, the actual teaching of the Church and the establishment of a dogma. As long as the investigators of holy Scripture teach nothing contrary to the dogmas of the Church, which are the eternal, immutable truth, so long shall they be free from all molestation on the part of the Church. If Galileo had not selfishly insisted that the Church should endorse his heliocentric theory, and thus by her authority silence his contradictors, it is not improbable that the Church would never have interfered in the quarrel.

#### GALILEO'S JUDGES.

It can not be denied that the Congregation condemning Galileo transgressed the limits set by the Fathers of the Church. St. Augustin (de Gen. ad lit. i. cap. xix.) says: "There is a very great danger in having recourse to sacred

Scripture for proofs of errors into which one may fall concerning the heavens, the earth, the elements of the world, the motion of the stars," etc. St. Thomas says (1 a quæst. 68, art. i): "When holy Scripture can receive divers interpretations, let no one adhere so strongly to any interpretation that he would not have the courage to forsake his opinion, if by certain proofs that were shown to be false which was believed to be the true sense of the Scripture; for otherwise the Scripture might be turned into ridicule by those who do not believe, and thus the road to the true faith be shut to them." These passages were certainly known to the members of the Congregation; why, then, did they not follow them in practice? We must not jump at conclusions. Let us rather betake ourselves in fancy to the times when the events under consideration took place. The judges had all been educated and had grown old in the philosophic principles of Aristotle. They had the greatest respect for doctrines which up to their time had been the dicta of philosophers. Should they, then, humanly speaking, set aside a system that had stood the test of so many centuries for vague and daring assertions unfounded in fact, and that exactly at a time when innovators were trying daily to establish the figurative at the expense of the literal explanation of the Bible? Was not Galileo following in the footsteps of Luther? Indeed, Galileo's opinion was rejected as unscientific, because it was not proven. "Demonstrate it beyond all doubt," said the Church, "and it will be accepted." A fallible tribunal composed of men with their scientific and philosophic prejudices had given a decision according to the views of the learned men of their time, believing that the new theory would be subversive of science and of faith. Undaunted by the great and powerful protection which Galileo enjoyed, they gave their testimony fearlessly and honestly and boldly.

#### Morning.

SAFFRON tint upon the beach,  
Where break the green waves into white;  
The yellow beams the tree-tops reach,  
And flood the world in golden light.

#### EVENING.

A spot of scarlet on the sky,  
A tossing sea of cloudlets red,  
A crimson after-glow on high,  
Then gray, then black,—the day is dead.

J. F. F.

## In the Sheeling.

ANTHONY BROGAN.

"Well, God's will be done, Owen. I know it wasn't your fault if the agent refused to give you work. But come to the bit of fire; you must be nearly frozen."

He moved slowly to the few sputtering fagots and tried to warm his fleshless hands and emaciated body. Two months of famine had terribly impoverished Owen Linnane and his young wife, as it had many more in the South of Ireland where they lived. The most fortunate part of their lives brought them little more than an extra morsel of food; and now, when the last little source of income was cut off, there was no well-stocked larder to bear them over the time of desolation and dearth of grain. After he had taken some of the numbness out of his fingers, he turned round, looked at the meagre form of his wife, and hesitatingly asked:

"Nora, is there anything to eat in the house?"

"I know you'll not blame me, Owen, but I was so sure you'd get something to do, that I gave the last dish of meal we had to mother. She is dying," added the girl turning away from her husband.

"Oh! never mind," he tried to say carelessly, "I had a good breakfast."

He had not, in fact, eaten anything during the two days he had been looking for work.

Linnane looked around his cottage, searching for some article that might bring a few pence. The clean walls and well-swept earthen floor showed all the bareness of poverty, but none of its squalidness. All the furniture that had been purchased a year before at their marriage had been sold piece by piece. The appearance of his wife's pinched face brought back a little of his lost manhood. But what could he do? All was gone. Labor, man's first curse, yet the blessing he craved, was denied to him.

"My God!" he cried, "must she starve before my eyes?"

"Hush! Owen," said his wife, trying to soothe, but knowing the hopelessness of it all, "He never failed us yet, and He will not do so now."

Again he glanced around his cabin, but it was as bare of furniture as his soul was of hope. He then ran his eyes over his thin coat and patched trousers.

"No one would buy these," thought he, "but

my shoes are almost new. Perhaps I may get something for them."

Although the nearest town was eight miles distant, Linnane set out, little heeding the bitter cold of the December day. When he arrived at his destination, he entered a pawn-broker's shop. The money-lender wanted no shoes. All who had any were trying to sell them instead of buying. Disheartened the young man left the shop, and aimlessly walked about the town. After a time he came to where a number of poor persons were standing.

"What are these doing here?" he asked a ragged old man close to him.

"Lady Singe is givin' relief today, and we're all waitin' for a little," was the answer.

Owen ranged himself back of the last person in line, and awaited his turn. At last, after much shuffling, and watching the others carry away bundles given to them, he found himself before a sallow-faced, angular old lady.

"Ah! my good man," she began, "the seed did not fall upon rocks nor among thorns when it took root in your heart, for I see you have profited by the Word."

"I don't know what you mean, ma'am," answered Owen; "but seeing the rest of them here I thought I'd come and ask you for a little bite. My wife is sickly, and we have nothing to eat in the house."

"Did you have the Rev. Mr. Sleek visit her yet?" solicitously inquired the old lady.

"He isn't known to us, ma'am; and, indeed, all she needs is food."

Here the pious-looking woman scrutinized Owen.

"I doubt," she said, "if you are of the flock; so I can not give you anything unless you have a card from the Rev. Mr. Sleek. Read this tract, however. It may turn your steps toward the path of righteousness."

"I'm sorry I troubled you, ma'am," said Linnane, abruptly leaving, for he feared to trust himself longer in sight of the tempting bundles.

Once more he wandered through the streets without an object in view. Having turned a corner he stood before a baker's shop. He had an idea. The mean appearance of the place bespoke the owner's poverty. Perhaps he could exchange his shoes for bread. He entered and in a short time came out barefoot. One of his pockets bulged as if it contained a parcel, and he clung to a couple of wheaten loaves which were inside his coat.

The winter's day was nearly at an end when he turned his face homeward. He looked for



the sun, but saw only a cold streak of grayish blue sky, which did not speak of hope or sympathy to him. But what need he care? He had bread now! Ay, and tea!

"I'll hurry back before it gets too dark," muttered the shivering man.

He trudged along trying to speed himself by overtaking the withered leaves that were rolling along before him. Despite all his efforts night came on when his journey was but half finished. He felt so weary that he was compelled to rest a short time. While seated on a mound beside the road he was strongly tempted to take out the bread from under his coat and eat a little.

"No," thought he, "I might take too much. 'Tis for her."

It cost him a painful effort to stand up and continue his journey. His feet were bleeding. On account of the darkness he could not avoid the broken stones that in some places covered the road. He could not walk so fast now, but grew weaker and weaker at each step. Oh, if he could only keep on for a few miles more! Yes, he could do it! Neither hunger, nor the pain in his feet troubled him any longer.

As he turned a bend in the road he saw in the distance a dim light which, he knew, came from his cottage. Linnane redoubled his steps, as he thought, but in reality he was barely moving. Happy illusion that helped to drag him and his burden to his cabin! So noiselessly did he arrive that his wife knew nothing of his approach until he leaned against the door. Eagerly she went to open it, but the weight of his falling body pressed it in throwing her aside. In an instant she was at the head of her prostrate husband trying to assist him.

"Owen, dear Owen!" she cried, "what ails you?"

The fallen man attempted to speak, but failed. Again he essayed, and this time whispered:

"Nora, my heart's blood, I got it for you—look—my coat—let me sleep."

A neighbor who passed Linnane's cottage next morning beheld a sad sight. In the doorway lay the cold bodies of husband and wife; he stretched at full length, she kneeling beside him; one of her hands under his head, and her wasted face pressed close to his. The snow which had fallen during the night covered his body and her loosened hair; and two wheaten loaves lay beside the wasted forms; one, as if it had fallen from the lifeless fingers, was by the cold, discolored hand; the other was quite covered with the white.

### Varsity Verse.

MY SWEETHEART.

SWEETHEART, when the dew-drops glisten  
On the grass like pearly beads,  
To the river's voice I listen,  
Murmuring low among the reeds.

Darling, every rill and bubble  
On its way to join the sea  
Bears a token message double,  
Lost to all but you and me.

Do you hear them whisper, sighing,  
While the stars still blink above,  
Matin praise of your undying  
Truest constancy and love?

Telling how sweet consolation  
From you in unconscious flow  
Hushes every lamentation  
When my castles skyward go.

Other loves have moods and fancies,  
But you're steadfast as the blue,  
Thwarting all their necromancies,  
Ever soothing, ever true.

Dear one, from those lips of coral  
Let me taste the kisses ripe,  
Sweetest nectar and a moral,  
From my old briar pipe.

F. J. F. C.

### BALLADE TO A PHOTOGRAPH.

(M. F. R.)

A valentine came yesterday:  
A bit of paste-board, that is all.  
A bit of paste-board? No, 'tis *May*  
That from her new place on the wall  
Looks down and smiles—dear smiles that fall  
To cure the ills and kill the woe  
Among our earthly roar and brawl.—  
My valentine, I love you so!

When Georgiana rode away  
From Devonshire to some great ball,  
Long years ago, she wore, they say,  
A hat like *May's*, so wide and tall;  
But such as *May* that dancing-hall,—  
Fair Georgianas all a-row,—  
Could boast of none who'd so enthrall.—  
My Valentine, I love you so!

I've never seen this gentle fay,  
Nor whether she is tall nor small  
I know not; yet I could array  
In manner unequivocal  
Her hopes and fears and loves withal;  
For these to me her pictures show,—  
Dear pictures that will never pall.—  
My Valentine, I love you so!

### ENVOY.

O Princess charming! could I call  
With these poor rimes *one* smile, I know  
All men would envy me this scrawl.—  
My Valentine, I love you so! F. W. O'M.

## How it Happened.

BERNARD MALOY.

"And you'll not write to another single, living person besides your mother and me when you are gone, Will?" said Edith just as the town clock struck three.

"Heavens! three o'clock, Edith? So soon, too?—about my writing. Now I've told you sixteen times at least that I shouldn't write to anyone but you. There—good night. Yes, it'll be six months before I see you again. Good night. Well, say!—Edith, I must go. Really, I'll write to no one else. Good night. By George! I'd like to stay, but I must get a little sleep. Good night, Edith. I'm off this time, sure. Good-bye!"

"Good-bye, Will." And they parted.

Will kept his promise faithfully—ditto Edith. No sooner had one received a letter than a reply was immediately written to the other. About four weeks after Will's departure he received a letter from Edith which, at first reading, gave him a severe shock; but closer scrutiny revealed to him the fact that Edith was endeavoring to play a little hoax on him. Following is that part of the letter which need be known.

".... And I received the dear little present. Many, many thanks, dear friend. How thoughtful you are, Will, and how kind to me! This makes it all the more difficult for me to tell you something that conscience says should have been told long ago. But the sooner told the better. *I am engaged*. In time, will you forget that I refrained from disclosing this to you before? However, it can not be prevented, Will. From the bottom of my heart I sincerely wish it were not as it is. My parents are aware of this fact, and it is with their consent that I have made this step. How sad it is to think that such close friends as we once were should be thus separated. And you were my friend, Will—my dearest friend. Yes, I am engaged. There is no need of concealing it longer from you. I am engaged as tutor to little Ethel Spriggs, that little curly-haired vixen who sat on your hat at the Thompson's 'German.' Say, Will, what are you saying now? Quite a feeble little jokelet—not? But do tell me what you thought when you answer."

As has been said before Will was dumb-founded when he came to "I am engaged,"

but on finishing the letter his usual jovial expression returned, and his hilarity reached such a degree of excitement that several curious eyes were directed toward him with the evident purpose of determining what was wrong with their friend. Rattling the end of his pen between his teeth for a few moments at last was seen on his face a complacent smile deepening into a broad grin.

"She's engaged, eh!" with a half smile. "Trying to fool me, too. Oh, the little wretch! Believe I'll try that myself," said he, as he began to hum that trite old song, "I'll Get Even." Hastily throwing things aside he wrote:

"MY ONCE FRIEND:

"I received your letter—so sad to me. I was angry at first—mere foolishness, too; but now I am sorry that I gave vent to my feelings. Oh, why! why did you not reveal this to me before, Edith? Is it possible that you do not realize the pain of mind one endures in my position. I *could not* read all your letter, it hurt me so. When I read "and you were my friend," I crushed it and burned it with the others. This is too bad, Edith, too bad. If all the world had told me you would do this I should not have believed them. I can not with pen tell you how it grieves me, and perhaps never shall. Good-bye, Edith. Farewell!

"W."

To be brief, and to use Will's words, "there was pretty near an awful rumpus." Edith read his letter, and immediately answered telling Will that if he was not so silly and densely ignorant he would have read all of the letter and seen that she was only joking. "Densely ignorant," made Will angry, really angry; and he immediately wrote that she "had no grounds to call him ignorant; she didn't know the first principles of writing a letter, to say nothing of originality in jokes, and to please not address her 'would-be' jokes or letters to him in the future."

Everything rested after Will's answer to her except Edith and Will. Both saw their mistake, and both knew how unhappy they were without confessing it bluntly to themselves. It was all the feeble bit of pride that prevented a reconciliation. Yet by chance they came upon each other; and by chance the ice was broken. Everything became "lovely"—Edith's word—when the summer vacation came. They met—spoke. Will called that evening, and—well, it's all right.

## The Smithy.

JAMES H. MCGINNIS, 1900.

Few New England villages are without a blacksmith similar to the one so beautifully depicted in Longfellow's poem. One comes to my mind at present, of which I shall especially speak.

There is the old weather-stained shop situated on the brow of the hill. On one side of the door is a clump of large oak trees, under which are many wagons and carriages awaiting repairs; on the other side are heaps of old rusty iron tires, horse-shoes, and shattered vehicles worn out beyond hope of repairing. Within, the once whitewashed walls are black with smoke and dust; but here and there, between the strips of iron that cover the beams, are a few white spots, made by some cribbing horse. High up on the walls, in faded chalk-marks, are several memoranda, such as "First snow storm, October, 20, 1874;" "Green Xmas, 1877;" "Frost killed crops, Aug. 2, 1882;" "Big flood, Feb. 12, 1886;" and so on. In a case over the roughly constructed desk in the corner are several bright steel shoes, specimens that won first prize at the cattle fair. The blacksmith bends over his anvil, humming a favorite ditty as he pounds the red steel into a shapely shoe; or, while blowing his bellows he stops to add a remark to the conversation of a group of patrons.

Seated on an empty nail-keg in the middle of the floor is a gray-bearded peddler with small brown eyes and a nasal voice, telling how much business he used to do "in the sixties, when times were good." Unkempt, dusty he is and pinched with poverty. Around him are a few honest farmers listening incredulously to Bill's often-repeated imaginary business successes. The last nail has been clinched and smoothed on the peddler's old roan mare, and he leads her slowly out of the shop; but he stops outside the door to make a comment upon the high price of beef.

"'Tis true," said a keen-eyed farmer after the peddler had left, "beef, pork, flour and everything else has gone up clean out of reach, but that doesn't mean that we will get any more for our hogs or crops."

"Well," answered a man, with a pleasant countenance, that had been selectman of the town for many years, and whose opinion had so much influence in political affairs, "if the

present administration succeeds in breaking up these trusts, things will change. Did you see this morning's paper?"

"I did," said a third farmer, "and things appear to be getting hot for Ro—"

The conversation is suddenly interrupted by a gentleman that enters the shop to inquire for the selectman. After talking for a few moments outside the shop door, the selectman and stranger walk toward the town. It is then whispered that that was the promoter of the electric railway; the theme of a railway franchise is then debated.

In another corner of the shop, not heeding those behind him, is the town physician, who has stopped to have a shoe fitted to his pacer. He asks a few questions of the grocer opposite him, whose "roomatiz" is very painful owing to the wet weather, then takes a pad of paper from his pocket and thoughtfully writes a prescription. This done he assumes a dignified position, and enters into an exhaustive explanation of the effects of different drugs on the human system.

Time changes and the world changes with it; but the change in the manners of New England country folk from what they were when Longfellow wrote "The Village Blacksmith" is almost imperceptible.

## "John, Do You Want a Candle?"

JAMES J. TRAHEY, '99.

"Ma, I want a cooky."

"Why, dear child, 'tis too late in the night to eat anything now: the clock just struck two."

Willie continued to cry, however, and paid little attention to his mother's logic.

"Well, John," Susan exclaimed at last, "I suppose this tantalizing boy will keep us awake until he gets a cooky."

"Nonsense, woman," growled John, "let him go to—" quoting Shakspeare. "I'll not bother myself about him to-night. What he needs is a good, sound spanking, and that's what he'll get, if he dosen't quit crying soon."

"But—but, my dear John," interrupted Susan, "we too were once children and perhaps far worse than Willie."

"Well, well, that's so," murmured John. "But why did I ever get marri—Where are the cookies, Susan?"

"Don't you think you'd better take a candle, John?"



"No; I don't want none of your candles, woman. Tell me quickly where the cookies are."

"Really, John, I'm surprised to see you so angry! Well, the cookies are in a little, yellow box, just near the canned blackberries, on the left side of the upper shelf, as you enter the door."

"Jerusalem! woman, what do you take me for? Why didn't you tell me they were down town!"

With these words on his lips he rushed out of the bed-room and started down stairs. Of course, Willie, before going to bed that evening, had carelessly dropped on the upper step of the stairs a fresh banana-rind, which served very well to quicken his father's pace down the rickety stairway.

Poor fellow! how his head ached when he reached the foot of the stairs! After muttering a few words that would not look well in print, he staggered toward the pantry.

The first catastrophe in the pantry was John's close contact with a slightly-constructed shelf on which were a number of glass jars of fruit. He did not swear this time, though strongly tempted to do so, but patiently waded through two or three inches of blackberries, broken glass, and other debris. Finally, thinking that he had found the cookies, he thrust his hand into a jar of molasses. This misfortune made him furious. He dashed toward the door—as he thought—but the Fates were against him. He stumbled and fell flat in the puddle of blackberries; and in his attempt to get up he seized the half-filled flour-barrel, upsetting the contents on his own disfigured person. But before he could utter the monstrous imprecation hovering on his lips, a dazzling light appeared at the pantry door, and a familiar voice softly said, "John, do you want a candle?"

#### Why we Didn't Call.

Ernest Bayard and I had gone down to Goshen on the noon train. That evening I was to become acquainted with the handsome Werner girls of whom I had frequently heard the boys speak. They were very sensible girls, I had heard, and the mere hope of dispensing, for one evening, with that meaningless society talk and affected, hollow, uncalled-for mirth, so common among our young men and women of today, was certainly something to look forward to.

After we had registered at the hotel, the afternoon passed slowly enough. My friend was acquainted with several girls in the town, still we hesitated to call on any of them before going to the Werner home, inasmuch as we had come to Goshen expressly to see the fair sisters. We knew that they would sooner or later find out if we made a previous call, as the town was small.

The day was warm, and we went out in front of the hotel and pulled our chairs in the way of a gentle breeze, and began the discussion of our evening's prospects.

"Yes sir, Jack," said Bayard, "we'll have a time to-night. The Werner girls are two of the swellest girls I ever met. They are not only handsome and educated but highly accomplished,—and say, Jack, one of them has a voice that is simply divine! They are wealthy too; but I've heard that the old man is an eccentric old fool; doesn't care to have the young men show his daughters any attention. If a fellow once gets on the right side of *him*, its plain sailing and an encouraging outlook."

"I am afraid, though, that through courtesy we shall have to leave early," I ventured, knocking the ashes from my cigar."

"Leave early? Well I think not. We won't mention 'go' till midnight," responded Bayard assuringly.

"But the old man might have a word to say," I said doubtfully.

"Old man be hanged!" quickly responded Bayard hitting his fist on the arm of the chair. We've not come down here to see that bald-headed old crank. There's time enough to see him."

Just then an elderly man who was sitting directly behind us, but to whom we had paid no particular attention, put aside the paper he was reading and walked into the hotel. Shortly after, Bayard suggested that we play a game of billiards to help pass the time. As we were passing the clerk's desk, that worthy gentleman beckoned to us.

"Pardon me, gentlemen," he began, "but that old man, whom you perhaps noticed sitting in front of the hotel a few moments ago, was just in here looking over the register, and when he came to your names he asked if you were the gentlemen registered from Bidwell. I told him you were, and he went away muttering something about 'fixing those young sprigs.' I think his name is Werner."—We sent our regrets.

L. C. M. R.

# NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

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—In a note to the Editor of the SCHOLASTIC, Miss Eliza Allen Starr, the distinguished author and art-critic, says: "Your last issue is *more* than creditable: everybody's speeches—and all crowned by the Ode." We are proud of appreciation from so high a source; prouder still of the praise accorded the Ode by Miss Starr, who writes to Mr. Frank Earle Hering in these terms:

Will Mr. Frank Earle Hering allow Miss Eliza Allen Starr to add her congratulations to the many he must be receiving on his nobly patriotic as well as scholarly Ode for Washington's Birthday?

It is worthy to be entitled an Ode for its heroic nerve and also for the fineness of its fibre, introducing, as it does, so many charming similes.

In stanza fourth, what are usually commonplace wishes for national morality, are expressed with originality; the allusion to the late Very Rev. Father Corby is most significant; stanza fifteen is a sublime warning to our America of today, while the last line is a poetic and patriotic climax befitting an Ode.

ST. JOSEPH'S COTTAGE,  
March 1, 1898.

It will doubtless be a stimulus to the SCHOLASTIC staff to know that their work is followed so carefully by our good friend, Miss Starr.

—While we are here at Notre Dame, there are ten or so brave knights of the Gold and Blue that are preparing to enter into the tournament ring to do battle for their colors and for us. They will be well received; it is to be hoped, by a goodly host of admirers who

will wear the same colors and will cheer on their first efforts. With good luck, then, the SCHOLASTIC leaves the track team in the hands of the Fates.—may they be kind to our warriors!

Since the regeneration of Track Athletics at Notre Dame, there are many who gave their best efforts, who worked that the representative team of the University might be a good one. The runners have pattered faithfully round the gym; the jumpers and vaulters have striven to go over the bar at the highest point,—all have worked well and with much success. For this we have much to be thankful, and much reason to be hopeful. However, the season has not yet begun. There are more contests to take place, and our warriors must not rest after the first tilt.

## The Lakes at Notre Dame.

The *South Bend Times* a few days ago published in full the lecture of the Hon. D. R. Leeper, to the Historical Society, on the Lakes of Notre Dame. Notre Dame, old in history and prominent in the historical affairs of Indiana, was indeed a worthy subject and one of much interest. When Rev. E. Sorin arrived here, a host of years ago it seems to the present generation of students; the two little lakes were buried in trackless forests, and the Indians and the wilderness claimed them as their own. Notre Dame was then only a little hut of logs, and South Bend was yet to begin its life. Mr. Leeper handled his subject with much skill and interest, and the *Times* has filled a page worthily.

## The Spiering Concert.

Lovers of music at Notre Dame, who boast of being many and most critical, enjoyed a most pleasant concert by the Spiering Quartet of Chicago. The members were Theodore Spiering, first violin; Otto Roehrborn, second violin; Adolph Weidig, viola; Herman Diestel, violoncello, assisted by Mrs. Proctor Smith, soprano. The quartet work of the concert was excellent, of the best ever heard at Notre Dame; and the individual playing was received gratefully by willing ears. The selections of the quartet, from Beethoven, Schubert and Dvorak, were of the best, as such names would assure, and were well rendered with skill and precision. Each instrument played the part allotted, so that neither this nor that one was

conspicuously prominent, and in each selection was such harmony among the four instruments as only careful practice could bring about.

As a soloist, Mr. Spiering was also very good. His tone is even, sustained and clear; and in the rendition of Walter's Prize Song, a selection not requiring great technical ability, he brought out all the melody. Mr. Diestel also showed much cleverness with the violoncello. The tone was fairly clear and his technique good.

Mrs. Proctor Smith has a very good soprano voice, which is strong and rich, though, perhaps, not so delicate and carefully used but study would improve. The selection from *The Queen of Sheba* was very well done, so well done that the audience would have wished for much more. As it was, the concert was all too short. The melody was gone in a moment—faded, melted away. The listed selections were good, and the responses to encores were good. In this age, which many claim to be full of philistinism, we may be proud of such music. In all, everything was of the best, and Notre Dame begs another visit from this quintet of musicians.

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#### The Preservation of Natural Scenery at Notre Dame.

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That pleasing natural scenery has a positive value of its own is a proposition which will hardly be disputed, and yet few persons seem to realize that, if this be true, the destruction of such scenery must be a loss to the commonwealth. We have seen how ideal lawn trees, with their lower branches sweeping the turf, had these branches ruthlessly lopped off merely "to get a nice top on them." Even conifers, which by their nature require a moist, cool soil, have been trimmed till they resembled German toy trees. Nor were these branches cut close to the trunk so that the wound might heal and be ultimately covered with bark, but a stub was left where each branch had been, and this amputated limb must inevitably die and rot. The decay will soon eat its way down into the trunk, and the disfigured tree is doomed to certain and early death.

Whole belts of shrubbery, which served as a screen to shut out unsightly poultry-houses, have been uprooted. It is not the farmer alone, who seems to abhor all "brushwood," that commits these depredations. Men, whose sphere

of action lies in the intellectual and spiritual world, have been seen with tomahawks in their hands laying waste nature's most beautiful productions. If any of the smaller sprouts escape and should try to regain their loss in spring they are burned with the dry leaves that are on the ground; and in this fire the beautiful wild flowers, that seem so anxious to cheer the heart of man after winter's dreary days, are destroyed.

Deplorable as this work of destruction is, it is not more detrimental to our natural scenery than is the method of planting which has been in vogue. We all know that Nature never repeats her work; nevertheless, rows of trees are planted at equal distances apart around the lake, and along walks which lead through groves of oak trees, destroying thereby the very character of a natural grove.

Here and there flower-beds are laid out after geometrical patterns among forest trees, and these pages from Euclid are as so many discordant notes in a beautiful symphony. Even near the boat-house the insuppressible geranium and gaudy coleus are found where the weeping willow should grow and the *nelumbium* and *nymphæa* run rampant.

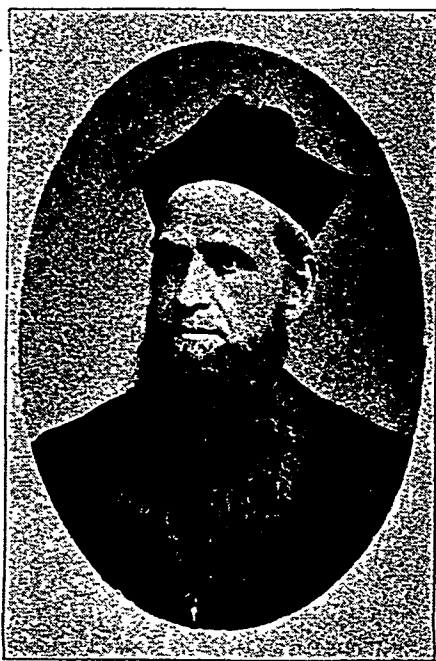
Hedges seem to be in special favor with our planters, although nothing destroys all breadth, repose and unity in a place so much as hedges. They give to it the appearance of a number of small garden-plots. Terraces, which are difficult to keep in order and which always call for formal gardening, are made where an irregular mound, covered partly with native shrubs, would be more in harmony with the surroundings. The formal or geometric style of laying out grounds may be employed where the architectural surroundings suggest rigidity and formality; but it is entirely out of place near our forest-bordered lakes, for an offence against appropriateness and harmony is an offence against beauty itself.

We believe that no money spent in outdoor improvements on the college grounds could be employed to better advantage than by securing the services of a first class landscape architect. It requires an artist of the first rank that is able to successfully harmonize the work of man and that of nature; one that is able to decide what are the enduring and essential features in our scenery and what are merely temporary and adventitious. If his plans were then carried into effect, Notre Dame would become a place of delight in all its parts and at all seasons.

The little Grand Army post of Notre Dame has taken into its fold another veteran of the war whose history of days and nights on the battlefield made smooth his way to membership. This twelfth member is the Reverend Joseph C. Carrier, C. S. C., of St. Laurent College, Montreal, Canada; sometime professor of botany and dean of the scientific department at Notre Dame University.

About the beginning of the year 1863, Father Carrier was pastor of St. Patrick's Church in South Bend, and seemed to have no thought of entering the army, until he received through the Very Reverend Edward Sorin, then Provincial-General of the Order, a letter from Mrs. W. T. Sherman, asking him to go to Vicksburg. A short time before, Rev. John Ireland, now Archbishop of St. Paul, resigned his position, leaving the whole army of the Mississippi without a Catholic chaplain. Mrs. Sherman wished Father Carrier to make merely a ministerial visit to her husband, General Sherman, and her three brothers, the Generals Ewing. He obtained a month's leave

#### Another War-Time Chaplain.



REV. JOSEPH C. CARRIER, C. S. C.

of absence from the Provincial, and set out for the seat of war. On his way he visited the Marine hospital at Mound City, Illinois, where there were twenty Sisters of the Holy Cross, ministering to the wounded and dying. By a special arrangement of General Buford, a boat was ready to take him down the river. On land an army wagon was provided for his trip to the rear of Vicksburg. So he made his journey.

Father Carrier, seeing the need of a chaplain in an army of so great a size, took up that official position with the Sixth Regiment of Missouri Volunteers. He was the only Catholic chaplain in Grant's army. He entered Vicksburg on the day of its fall, July 4, 1863. From Vicksburg he went with the army of Gen. Sherman to Jackson, and afterward camped upon the Big Black river where he was taken ill with malaria. He was obliged to withdraw on this account; but General Grant allowed him the favor of unlimited leave of absence. His name remained on the roll of chaplains until 1883, when he formally resigned.

#### Track Athletics.

Last Sunday afternoon Captain Fred Powers and his band of candidates ran off the trials. The men that won them are representing Notre Dame in the Chicago meet today. Whether they will bring back any trophies remains to be seen; but they will certainly get experience in large doses, and that is of more importance just now than mere medals. For it is the dual-meet with Illinois, the state meet and the Western Intercollegiate contests that will really count, and by that time our track team will have rounded into form.

The make-up of the team, as given by the Captain, is as follows:—75-yard dash, Barry and Daly; 220-yard dash, Barry and Daly; 16lb. shot-put, Eggeman and F. Powers; pole-vault, F. Powers; high-jump, Powers, Rowan, Hoover; hurdles, Hoover.

John Engledrum, the famous long-distance runner, who is in control of the men, says that the following runners will show up well today;

they won their places in the trials Sunday:—One-mile walk, Rowan; One-mile run, M. O'Shaughnessy and Fennessey; half-mile run, Dwyer; Quarter-mile run, Farley. Captain Powers, Barry, Farley and Daly have been working in the relay race. During the trials the track was muddy and in some places choked with water.

It will be well to keep an eye on Martin O'Shaughnessy in the long runs. He keeps himself together well and finishes like a race-horse. With more experience he will be invaluable. Wynne goes well in the dashes, and will undoubtedly make the team. Rowan, Farley and Dwyer are strong in their events, but Captain Fred Powers is the man upon whom the enthusiasts pin their faith. He is a splendid all-round athlete, and the men under him should literally wear medals. As for himself he will add a few more trophies to his already extensive stock.

L. T. W.

## Exchanges.

The judges of the *Yale Courant* short-story contest evidently have queer opinions concerning the short-story. The prize story, "The Ex-Banshee," which has the place of honor in the *Courant* before us, is in the weakest contribution in the number.

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We welcome the *Georgetown Journal's* new ex-man. Just at present he thinks our "narrow-minded and crotchety views... are all-sufficient either thoroughly to disgust any fair-minded critic or to sour his kindly-disposed intentions;" but we hope he will change his unkind thoughts about us, and that as he grows older he will learn that a little well-meant criticism should be taken in the proper spirit. In the sixth paragraph of his article, Mr. McAleer gives us *his* ideas of what a college paper should be, and we must say they are the correct ones. The other members of the *Journal's* staff, however, do not agree with the ex-man, if the present plan of the paper is a criterion of their views. The new ex-man informs the world that "his predecessor sighed for release" because of our cruel treatment; and he adds that we reason in this fashion: "'I'm all right, but you're not at all like me, therefore you're all wrong.'" In conclusion, he thanks the SCHOLASTIC for "the half-page free advertisement it has given to the articles and contributions of the *Journal*;" and then concludes for the second time his *full*-page advertisement of the SCHOLASTIC by "wondering" ungrammatically "how large a portion of that catalogue of students, that regularly appear on the SCHOLASTIC's last page, was crowded out by this prodigal generosity." He wrote the page of words, we believe, to convince us that our views of the *Journal* are erroneous. Which it doesn't.

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In the issue of February 16, the men that have done the editorial work so well on *The Harvard Lampoon* during the past year say farewell to their readers, and hand "Lampy" over to the care of their successors. The *Lampoon* lost none of its old-time glory under their care, and they may well look back with pride to the many clever editorials and bright bits of wit and humor the *Lampoon* contained while in the hands of the retiring board. It is our earnest wish to see the new men work as faithfully and with as good results as the men that have just gone out.

## Our Friends.

—Attorney P. J. Brady, of Cleveland, Ohio, called on Notre Dame friends during the week.

—Reverend Father Cullinane, pastor of the Niles' parish, visited Notre Dame friends on Monday.

—Mrs. Annette G. Graham of Indianapolis, and friends, called on Very Reverend President Morrissey last week.

—Mr. Ryan of Racine, accompanied by Mr. P. O'Brien, of South Bend, visited the University during the past week.

—Mr. M. Naughton of Chicago, who has sent several sons to Notre Dame, was present at the Washington's Birthday exercises.

—Mr. McBride, of the well-known Publishing firm, and wife, of Akron, Ohio, visited their sons during the early part of the week.

—Mr. Michael P. Hannin, C. E., '93, visited his many friends at the University on Sunday last. Mr. Hannin was warmly welcomed by the Faculty and students.

—Thomas O'Hagan, Ph. D., the Canadian *littérateur*, of Arthur, Ont., made a short call on Monday evening. A business engagement unfortunately cut short Doctor O'Hagan's stay.

—Ex-Mayor George W. Dugan, of Niles, father of Richard Dugan, student '94-'95, died at Niles on February 8. Mr. Richard Dugan has the sympathy of his many friends at Notre Dame.

—A letter was received during the past week from one of our old-time students, Mr. John Moffitt, who is practising law in Chicago. Mr. Moffitt's Notre Dame friends were pleased to hear from him.

—Mr. John A. McNamara, '97, is a student in St. Joseph's Seminary, Dunwoodie, near Yonkers, N. Y. It is the hearty wish of his Notre Dame friends that he will enter successfully the holy priesthood.

—Mr. Samuel T. Murdock, C. E., '86, of Lafayette, Ind., and Mrs. Murdock, visited the President and Faculty recently. Our graceful steel flag-pole and the large flag that is used on special occasions were presented to the University by Mr. Murdock. Notre Dame has no truer friends than Mr. and Mrs. Murdock. We should like to see them with us oftener.

—In an item in the SCHOLASTIC last week concerning the Notre Dame men that have risen to the bench, the erroneous statement was made that Judge Gibbons of Chicago had retired. This was one of those unexplainable mistakes that sometimes escape even the most careful proof readers. Judge Gibbons, we are happy to say, is today one of the most popular and competent judges in the circuit court of Cook County. We hope to see him occupy his honorable office for many years to come.



## Local Items.

—Found.—Some drinking water at Captain Bob's. Come, everybody.

—Lost.—My appetite. Finder please return before dinner time to Ed. Sebrowne, Sorin Hall.

—Speaking about the cold, zero is nothing, said a student as he displayed the big "O" marked on his examination papers.

—Lost.—My temper somewhere near the Brownson gym. Please return at once as I need it to cope with Logic. Cal. A. Hann.

—Clarence Corby was very mysterious about a letter he wrote home last week. Joe strongly suspects that he has written for a razor.

—The department store economy—that of getting quantity for your money—has pervaded these parts and is particularly noticeable in the hair cuts.

—Will Berry has given oath that if the weather department continues to serve out its stuff in this way, he will go back to Missouri where one can get just what one orders.

—Peter Duffy begins his dinner with pie. Tom O'Brien says that he does other things different from most people, as, for instance, putting on his coat before he does his waistcoat.

—Of course, there is much speculation on the outcome of the Chicago meet that is held this evening. We do not expect much in the way of points, but the experience will be invaluable.

—Coach McDonald is putting the finishing touches to his Carroll work. He has built up a strong team, and brought out a young pitcher, Mr. Alexis Coquillard. All this in less than three weeks, which speaks well for his work.

—Now that the spring is coming on us, could not the far-famed "Professor" make preparations to mend that roof. To do it now when weather permits would display more philosophy than to postpone it till next winter.—*Sabe!*

—Carroll Hall is to have a track team of its own. Land and Kasper have entered for the 100-yard dash; Schmitt and Krug for the mile. McCarthy is in for the pole vault; Brown is going for high jump, and Hinze has decided to put the shot. These are all the candidates so far.

—The Editor of our *Great Men of Today* column is at present under the care of a physician. Recently he very thoughtlessly submitted to several prominent men of the University the question, "What would you do if you were a man?" and he hasn't done anything since.

—The St. Cecilians held their 5th regular meeting, Wednesday evening. Owing to a misunderstanding, the debate was omitted. Mr.

T. Murray's story, "On the Bridge," was interesting. The programme was well rendered. Mr. J. Mulcare gave a reading entitled "Man Friday and the Bear."

—The Philopatrian Society held its regular meeting March 2. The programme was very interesting. The musical selections by Masters Cornell and Leffingwell, and recitations by Masters Block and Beardslee, were well rendered. The programme for next meeting promises to be very entertaining.

—'Cumularupp, my mutter sach und I goes der house in shmilng my whole face ofer mit a in pail which ich hat die ku gemilkt mit. Und sie hat su mir sagen, 'mein poy I haf you a leetle surbrise gemachen.' Und, O mein, der vas a whole pig plate of sauer kraut und spec. Haw-haw-haw!—But the door was closed and the smell of the pigs' feet simmering on the oil-stove was cut off.

—That boy Jamie has taken a meteoric plunge again. Two days ago he was actually discovered eating chocolate drops, and now he is a wreck. Some one dropped in upon him unexpectedly last night and there the boy was sitting on the floor in the corner leering like a last century's harvest moon. His hair was dishevelled, his eyes were rolling, and in his hand was a half empty glass of cocoa that Steiner made.

—A card to the public.—Many people are under the impression that I am of Spanish origin on account of my given name. I wish to take this opportunity of correcting that impression. In the first place I am thoroughly of Iowa origin, have always lived there and expect to continue to reside there. My name Don is not the Don that is often seen on Castile soap, but is a contraction of Donegal. I hope this explanation will quiet any further rumors on the subject. Yours, Don Morrison.

—COMMUNICATION.—Mr. Editor, I want to tell you that I think that every true-minded man should think—in consideration of the many and multitudinous questions that require the deepest thought of a thinking man that really thinks much of the country in which he lives—a country full of good and nobleness, stretching from ocean to ocean whose waves beat tumultuously on her shores—I want to say—I forget what it is now.

INTERROGATOR.

P. S.—I shall let you know next week.

—The Sorin Hall Art and Architectural Reading-Room and Billiard Hall Association is to be given a life-size portrait of the back yard painted by Grigui Legori at the age of two years and one minute. The picture is a wonderful work of art with sublimity of color and grandeur of frame. In the centre is the roof-garden with three old shoes and an old pair of Tom O'Brien's "pants" draped artistically from the eaves. In the upper left-hand corner is

Guilbert smiling at the barren soil and combing his hair, to make the spring come back. (The spring hasn't arrived yet.) In the right is Landers and his gang. They can not be seen; but the picture is so true to life you hear them yelling.

—Some few people in the vicinity of Notre Dame claim to have seen robins at this early time of the year, chirruping on the yet faded grass and flapping their wings in the sunshine. With all due respect to the visual power of these persons, it seems exceedingly strange that robins should be with us so early. Either these robins have been ejected from the sunny South by their brethren for bad habits, or these unwise birds have had their legs pulled by the Indiana weather prophets. A bit or even a whole week of sunshine and warmth is likely to be followed by a blizzard; and these all-knowing red-breasted birds may wink their other eye and freeze to death, if they don't get out. Spring will be here some time before August; not before.

1st WITCH (He of the bellicose spirit).—

When shall we three meet again—  
In Egypt, Greece, or on the "Maine?"

2d WITCH (He of sage counsel).—

When the hurlyburly's done,  
When the "scrap" is fought and won.

3d WITCH (He of the missing-links).—

I'll be there like a son-of-a-gun.

ALL.—Fair is foul, and foul is fair,

Let us rant and tear our hair.

1st WITCH.—Round about the law-room go;

Out the little infants throw.

Leading men, with brawn and bone,

Killed and maimed have thirty-one.

Sweltered venom they have got;

Paw the earth and come to naught.

ALL.—Double, double toil and trouble;

Fire burn and faction bubble.

—Early last Monday evening residents of the North Side were surprised and alarmed to see the big red patrol wagon, manned by the chief and his officers, come tearing down Rue-te-toot. The noise of the horses' hoofs upon the pavement and the clanging of the big gong brought everyone out into the street, and for a time, excitement ran high. The wagon halted in front of No. 94 Rue-te-toot where the landlord, A. Genius, and three others were arrested for violating ordinance umpty-seven. Before the mayor the defendants were each fined twenty-five and costs. This being his first offence, the proprietor was given his choice between the payment of a fine of twenty-five and an hour's labor. He paid the fine. Several other raids were made the same night, and each yielded remunerative results. A large crowd of disturbers of the peace were found at No. 84 Rue Maison Reuf, and each paid the usual fine. The police are vigilant nowadays, and more arrests are expected.

—ALUMINI.—(This department is run so that our old students may know one another's whereabouts.—Ed.) Brann, B. L., '71, is running the earth and a newspaper in Wakoe,

Tex.; Ballard, B. L., '42, is reading his epics and dodging eggs in Red Oak, Iowa; Gladstone, A. B., '21, has a good government position in England; B. Jingo Mason, C. E., '87, is electrifying Congress with the eloquence that made him so popular at Notre Dame; Bacchante, A. B., '92, is posing in New York; Frigidg Nansen, B. S., '88, is boiling blubber in Ujkljjski, Norway; Douglas, LL. B., '45, the three-dollar shoeman, is erecting a plant for the manufacture of hair-restorer in Turnip Hollow, Mass.; Pabst, B. S., '57, is running a brewery in Mishawaka; Jim Corbert, B. L., '85, is writing for the press; and Emil Zola, B. L., '52, is doing time in Paris.

Alumnæ.—Bertha M. Claye, B. L., '41, is writing a serial for *The Yellow Cow*; Lydia E. Pinkhim, B. S., '38, is still making her "Pink Pills" in Pinkston, Mass.; Ruth Hashmore, B. L., '26, is editing her "Snide Talks with Girl's" column in the *Old Woman's Journal*; the seven Cherry Sisters, all of the Class of '48, are on the stage; Mrs. Booth-Tooker, S. A., '52, is fighting the devil in New York; and Susan B. Antimony, C. E., '23, is keeping her name in the papers some old way.

—There are few coats without a tail, and yet there are fewer coats with a tale; but this story is about a coat without a tail and with a tale. Any of the old students of last year will remember the handsome plaid mackintosh that was the property of one F. Howard Pim. This garment was the envy of most of the students. The possessor was wont to array himself in this garment and promenade up and down the pavements for display. Tom became a conspicuous member of the Hardly Able set. He threw himself into the crowd with all the ardor of his being, and with himself went the plaid coat. Soon the coat became the joint property of the set. Dr. Burke Falvey, when he wanted to be elegant, took the coat off the hook and wore it. Long Tom O'Hara would anxiously await his turn, which came after Mike Daly's. Charlie Flannigan would drape it gracefully over his herculean form, and cajole himself into the belief that he was Marcus Tullius Cicero. When the Hardly Able football team was organized the plaid coat served as their battle flag. It then became an emblem of war, and never afterward was it looked upon otherwise. Its presence in the gym was a sure signal for disorder. It was only a question of time until the tail became a negative quantity. Then it was laid away forever, presumably; but unhappily it was brought out from its secret retreat the other day, and displayed in the gym. A Spanish bomb could not have caused greater havoc; and the old coat—the old war flag—was torn and ravelled beyond recognition. In the general roughhouse the glorious old routs of Burke Falvey, and the whooping athletes, as they ploughed through the tangled mass on the gridiron, would hardly equal the closing scene of the old plaid coat.

—The SCHOLASTIC is offering for the best young Parable, a 4 x 3 plug of Battle-Ax with the tag on. We print herewith the first competitive story received.

The other day Heine was sitting in the Brownson Gym with one foot on a bench and the other across the back of his neck, when he espied a chocolate-drop lying under the steam-pipes on the floor. "Ah," quoth Heine delightedly as he picked up the alluring sweetmeat, "I have it once! I will already trade it in at the store so soon for one leetle pretzel, and the brother what yet takes me from it don't know I got it from where I got it from." With this he marched up to the counter and exchanged the chocolate-drop for a piece of the twisted crust. "Ah! dot vas a goot one," he said, smiling from ear to ear at the thought of how he had hoodwinked the store-keeper. But on his way out he met Big Fritz, who, seeing the pretzel, snatched it away from him, and poor Heine was left without the pretzel or the chocolate-drop. Had he been coming along with the chocolate-drop, Big Fritz would have left him unmolested. Moral: Keep what you have, and then you'll always have what you keep.

—Here are the words of a pathetic little song written by a brilliant Sorinite:

At his window on the third phlat  
 Stood young Willie Kegelier,  
 He a pitcher in his hand had  
 Filled with nothing more than—water.  
 Willie heard a student coming  
 And he quickly let her go;  
 But the contents of the pitcher  
 Drenched a prefect down below.

#### CHORUS

Poor Willie has twenty-five more,  
 Poor Willie has twenty-five more;  
 He laughed when he threw it,  
 But now he does rue it,  
 And he'll never do that any more.

#### Roll of Honor.

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